

Nath gave a gasp as she was woken from her slumber, her fingers clenching at the sheets as the comm beeped at her in the darkness. With a sigh she rolled over and switched the lamp next to her bed on. Blinking away the haze of sleep she activated the comm and hid the surprise from her expression as the male's face came into view. As an afterthought the Iridonian yanked up the bedsheet to hide the pale expanse of flesh from view.

"Atra." She just about managed to hide the puzzlement from her expression turning it instead to a greeting; silently she hoped he would not notice.

"Catch you at a bad time Iridonian?" He still teased her, for now she allowed it to go over her head managing to smooth down the pitch hued disheveled tresses slightly with her free hand.

"To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

"I have a job for you." Internally Nath groaned, she did not wish to leave the comfort of her bed just yet, it was late and she needed the sleep.

"What job? You do know it is three in the morning on Ol'val?" At best it was a half hearted complaint.

"I need you to grab some intel that got dumped in a droid, I've already forwarded the intel."

"Assuming I accept the mission." She retorted, expression hardening as her pride got the better of her.

"You will." In his mind it was a matter of fact. The Iridonian pulled her datapad to her to glance over the information before sighing in resignation as she shoved off the sheets to get up from the bed; her irritation made her far less prudish.

"You'll receive it as soon as I have it." Atra gave a slight nod of acknowledgement but Nath could feel his gaze burn over her skin.

"You need to eat more."

"Since when have you given a care to my wellbeing?"

"When it began impacting your skills."

“As yet it has not.” With the words spoken she disconnected the call leaving her without the blueish tint to her quarters. As she dressed she mulled over the mission, it wasn’t that inconvenient, she was supposed to be returning to Galerien space that day anyway, what did a little detour matter?

Nar Shadaa - Market District

The planet never seemed to sleep, no matter the time of day one arrived it always felt as though one became a cell in a mass of moving bodies making up a blood stream of people. The flow irregular as they traversed their paths of streets which made up the veins and arteries of the city.

Nath pulled the hood up even further in an attempt to obscure her face, the dull throb in the back of her head only intensifying the longer it took to get to the small dinner where this droid had been said to work. The scent of detritus hung particularly thick in the air that day. The smog on high making the scent linger obstinately but that was not unusual for this time of year.

This place held far too many memories for her, she had lived too long upon this planet to not know exactly where she was going. The cantina in question had been one of the cheaper in the area and in turn it had attracted her and her meager earnings in the past.

As she stepped inside the Iridonian glanced around but the waitress droid was nowhere in sight. Nath recognised the man behind the counter immediately, the Human had barely changed. Without thought she beckoned him over to the other end of the counter where an empty space was available to her.

“Marcus...” As he drew closer his pale blue eyes widened in surprise. Nath had been mistaken though, in three years the teen had bulked out in muscle but his face remained slender. A thin dappling of stubble shading away the flushed pink skin, it was hot in these places; too many bodies crammed into such a small room. It wasn’t until Marcus had drawn closer that he could see the Iridonian’s face and as quickly as he came he recoiled back as fear gripped him.

“What do you want?” He physically flinched, her presence was not welcomed it seemed.

“Glad to see your memory is sharp, where’s the droid?”

“That bit of scrap is out back waiting for dumping, get out. Don’t come back here.” The fear in the young man’s voice drew a thin smile, she leaned closer enjoying the Human shrinking back with a flinch.

“I’ll take the back door if you don’t mind.” Marcus gave a nod as he scurried away to another customer that didn’t really need anything, he was using it as an excuse to take himself as physically far away as possible from the Iridonian.

Without much thought she vaulted the worktop and passed through the kitchen, the droid cook gave an irate bleep at her intrusion into its domain but she hardly glanced at it far too fixated on the back door.

As promised her prize lurked next to the dumpster, the lazy bums hadn’t even bothered to deactivate her, the metallic being had a way with emotions, it seemed depressed without even trying. The Iridonian could hear it chirping out names and locations as though possessed. Nath even recognised a number of them and felt her blood run cold, she hesitated a moment before stepping closer.

“May I have the disc please?” Large glowing eyes looked up to her, taking in her face. It garbled out another name and location before the disc was spat back out and offered it to her with metallic fingers.

“Thank you.” Nath almost smiled as she spoke, taking the disc carefully from the waitress and almost running from the alleyway. Though she did not witness it the waitress beeped at her and made her way back inside to resume her duties.

The Krath kept running for about two blocks before slowing down and hiding herself in a darker alleyway, she was conflicted. This had been the first time she had really had to choose what to do and she wasn’t certain to have picked the correct route. A part of her wished she had told Atra to shove his job up his backside but alas she had accepted it.

Thinking ahead the Warrior had at least brought a portable disc reader with her, she took a moment to scan the data and create two copies, After it had copied she made her way to a public terminal sending a copy across an encrypted channel to Atyiru. She waited patiently as it uploaded her thoughts running a mile a minute, she would pray if she thought it would help her but Nath had never been religious.

Satisfied the data had been received she used her own datapad to send the next copy on to Atra and complete the mission. Calmly as she could Nath made her way back to the docking bay, feeling his presence calmed her fraying nerves somewhat.

The Barabel stood taller than most in the moving mass of bodies, he remained still, waiting for her, it took all of her restraint to not bolt to him. As soon as she was within reach a large palm drew her closer into his side. The heat coming from his scales was much more intense than the heat of the planet,

“It iz done?” He verbally prodded the Iridonian.

“Yes, Father. One to Atyiru, and one to Atra. Now fate decides.” The slender muscles slowly relaxed as the tension eased from her body. It was easier with him, it was always easier.

“Then we leave for our destination.” Nath gave a nod, following Zakath into his ship and hopefully far away from old memories and the new ones she had just acquired.

Suddenly she was very glad to be returning to Galeres.
